Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my Kingdome loſt? Why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende,
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:
Cry woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo armde
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſiluer Riuers drowne their ſhores.
As if the world were all diſſolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, and hearts harder then ſteele:
White beards haue armd their thinne and hareleſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy Crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women manage ruſtie billes:
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
King. To well, to well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.
King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this.
Scro. Sweete loue's (I ſee) changing his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadly hate.
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made,
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Buſhie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?
Scro. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as paſte and couer to our bones.
For Gods ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To Monarchiſe, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles a bout our life,

Were